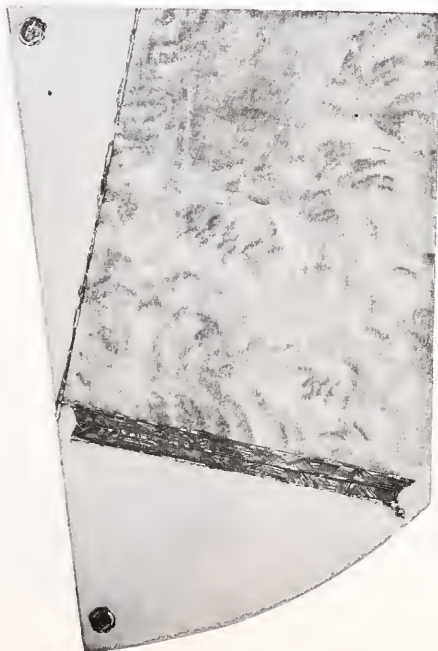




Kenneth F. Kelly





*Jannelle Picard*




*David Egger*





Anonymous Graphic



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# SCULPTURE



(UNTITLED)



TAGHASA

ED  
HENDRIX



## NOCTURNE FOR PLATONISTS

*Deepdyed night. Moonsplinter fragments of stars  
Cast luminescent dust on boles of greengray oaks.  
Dark. The pupils of the eyes devour the color,  
The irises consumed with soundless screams.  
The dark does not surprise so much as seeing  
In its despite. Whence comes this little light?  
Black is the proper dress of still spring night.  
Magnolia blossoms float like candles on an altar  
Bladed ebony. A streetlamp vomits copper glow  
That splashes back from plated churchdoor  
And disappears, absorbed in garb and hair  
Of lonely-loitering cleric. Eyes blacken, crack like lips,  
And thirst for light, astonished at its showering.  
Give me night. Whence comes this light?  
The stars themselves caress your flesh,  
Sip light from your bright mouth—tonight  
The mystery of your beauty almost glows  
Enough so I can read the mystery of your soul.*

... Kay Temple



## AUTUMN FOOL

*As man is wont to change his clothes  
With changing moods, so Nature does:  
She's autumn-clad from head to toes  
In suit of merry jester's hose!  
(The season's humor seems to fit  
This rash of parti-colored wit ...)  
The whole sky spreads in a wide blue grin  
For the heavens themselves are taken in  
By this rascal clown who decks each path  
With colors to make Creation laugh.  
Wind-swept leaves are dancing shoon  
That skip to the sightless minstrel's tune  
While tall trees chuckle irreverent hymns  
Decreed by the jester's antic whims  
And valleys gape their bright-hued jaws  
To join the great world-wide guffaws.  
Thus does the jester's final fling  
Prepare the world for wintering.*

— Ann Pitts



## UNTITLED

*I know a slow sad song  
That flows like a majestic river  
That has no place to go  
While waiting for no one  
And never worries about being late  
It's a song that can break your heart  
And yet make you glad you can feel  
It's a song for sad eyed heros from nowhere  
That rush back, back, back into darkness  
While searching for some kind of light  
And if they are sure no one can hear,  
The ravens sing this song before they die.  
I've never met a soul  
Who could see through my eyes  
I've never met a soul  
Who could sing my song well  
Everyone has a spot deep inside  
Where they're always alone  
Quaranteened in a sound-proof room  
So they may hear the silence  
And feel the reality of nothingness  
And the cool winds of timbo blowing.*

— Anonymous





## UNTITLED

*Once again it is the eve of the Sabaoth  
and in the holy silence  
as the pious kneel and pray for heaven's greener pastures  
at the left hand of Satan  
the arch-demon (idleness)  
plots the death (by strangulation)  
of my mental faculties  
Ah! But laugh not, false angel,  
in your cob-webbed hammock dreaming!  
For my muse, though weary she is from neglect,  
Rises on ochre-colored wings  
and with her near-spent breath implores me,  
"Take up thy bic thou steepy poet,  
and scribe as if thy heart should fail!"  
and deep within my breast  
there yawns and stretches my waking heart,  
ready, after her autumn nap  
to fling the nascent words to parchment*

... MONDA UNSUCH ....

## ICARUS

*I am Icarus.  
- felled by what nature  
of searing sun,  
I know not,  
save that he was.blameless.*

*I am Icarus.  
I hung cloud-caressed  
on waxen wings  
for one shattering  
ali-seeing second  
when daylight's star  
spread satin light earthward.*

*But I am Icarus.  
and I challenged power  
beyond reckoning  
wax wings failed,  
- I fell,  
am falling still.*

.... M. U. ....



# Haiku

KAY TEMPLE

## OF PIGEONS

### *In Crevice*

*Green-foil needle's eye  
Sews the facade, in and out  
As its motor croons.*

### *Jump!*

*Pink feet grip the edge,  
Fat angel-fingers pleading  
Life's tenacity.*

### *On the Wing*

*White pigeon in flight  
Spotches the blue sky; at roost  
Spotches the pavement.*

### *Physical Principles*

*The bloated nestling  
Floats buoyantly in air as  
Fat man in water.*

## THE END OF THE AFFAIR

*Bony hands that once  
Drew me out of Death's cold arms  
Release me to life.*

## PERSONAL OPINION

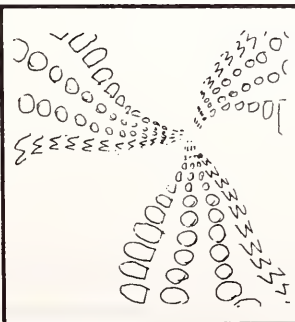
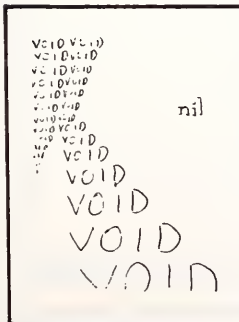
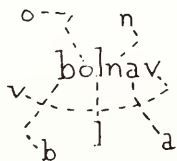
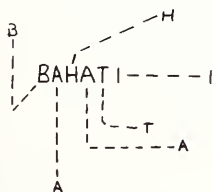
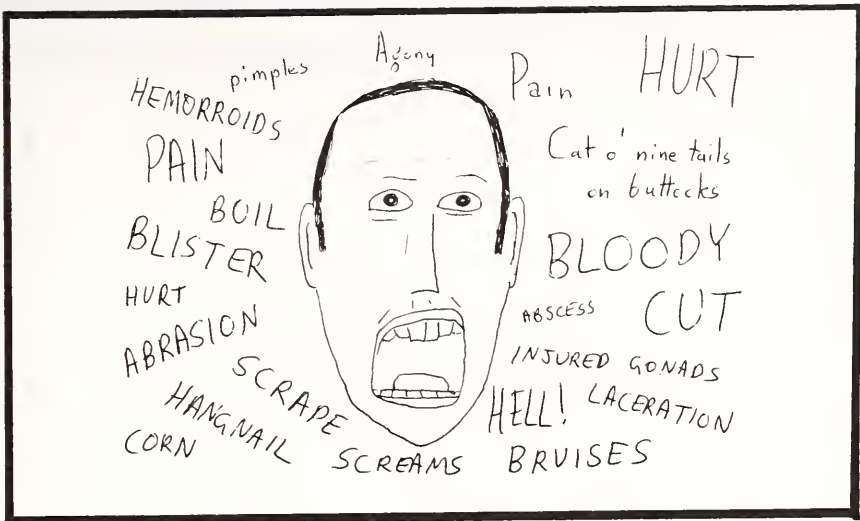
*Short and fat, they say?  
Say kissing-height; perfectly  
Well-rounded armful.*

SANDRA FAY COOPER

*An oyster cannot  
Reveal the pearl that he bears  
If his shell is closed.*

*"Blow swift child, else glue  
The dry dandelion for  
The wind is a thief."*





\*\*\*\*\*  
**poetry**  
 by s.koenig  
 ★ ★ ★



1881



I'M HERS,  
SHE'S MINE

JIMMY LOWE

JOHN CHRISTIAN  
KENNETH TALLEY

JIMMY LOWE

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring treble, alto, and bass staves with various notes and rests.

THEY SAY OUR LOVE WILL  
DONT LET THEM GET YOU

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, including lyrics: "THEY SAY OUR LOVE WILL DONT LET THEM GET YOU".

FADE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER THATS MADE BUT  
DOWN CAUSE YOU KNOW THERES LOVE TO BE FOUND AND

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, including lyrics: "FADE JUST LIKE ANY OTHER THATS MADE BUT DOWN CAUSE YOU KNOW THERES LOVE TO BE FOUND AND".

THEY DONT KNOW OUR LOVE WILL LAST THROUGHOUT THE  
IN OUR HEARTS WE KNOW THEYLL NEVER MAKE US

YEARS, THROUGH THE FUN AND SMILES AND E VEN TEARS  
PART NO MATTER WHAT THEY SAY WE WILL

WE LOVE EACH OTHER SO BE CAUSE  
WE'LL AL WAYS STAY IN LONG BE CAUSE

REPEAT LAST TIME AND FADE.

I'M HER'S AND SHE'S MINE AND WILL

STAY THAT WAY TILL THE END OF TIME I'M HER'S AND SHE'S

MINE AND WILL STAY THAT WAY TILL THE END OF TIME

# SHORT STORY SECTION





# ellen craig

## MUN

A Short Story

Tylertown, Mississippi is small, real small. So when something exciting happens here, it produces quite a stir and most folks know about it. That's the way it was when Deelass came back to Tylertown from his third year of study at the University of Illinois. Lots of folks 'round here say it's pretty persnickety of that black boy to go off to school. But as Poppa says, "He's got the brains, the nerve, and he's a good boy. So he'll go! Besides, he's Mun's boy!" So Deelass went up north and Mun swelled up with pride everytime she received a letter from him. Mun is Deelass' grandmother who raised Deelass and us at the same time. She'd been our housekeeper for almost forty years, even while Poppa was growing up. At least, she was our housekeeper until about two years ago when she decided she wanted a place of her own. "Mister Packwood," she had told Poppa after Deelass had gone off to school, "I need my own little house and garden." So, Mun moved to the country to help a little with the cotton. Mun was like that. Once she got an idea in her kinky grey head, she held on like a mongrel dog with a meaty bone. Anyway, Deelass was coming home for the summer for the first time since he had gone off to school.

The house seemed to shake with excitement that Wednesday morning before Deelass arrived on the big new Greyhound from Chicago. Nell, our new cook, fumed and fussed about the kitchen, clanking the cast-iron pots so loud that we were all up and dressed and eating breakfast an hour early. Even Poppa obeyed the clatter of dishes and presided over the breakfast table with no more than a stern glance towards the back of the kitchen.

Nell grumbled under her breath as she worked over the stove, punctuating each sentence with a banged pot. "I don't know why that one lil' boy should raise such a sand! I been cooking all mawning getting Mista Packwood's dinner ready. An' then Ol' Miss comes in with the biggest chicken in the world faw me to pluck and cook for Mun and her boy to eat! I been saving that chicken faw Mista Packwood's Sunday dinner! S'pos Ol' Miss gonna want me to help widda haug-killing too!"

I began to giggle because I knew that was what we all had to help with later on in the afternoon after Deelass' bus arrived. Poppa raised a disproving eyebrow at me at the same time my older sister, Babs, kicked me right in the shins. I just had to kick her back a little bit harder.

Gran frowned at both of us and then turned to Nell in the back of the kitchen. "That's enough, Nell," Gran's voice was stern. "You just do as I tell you. Mister Packwood wants to give that chicken to Mun and Deelass to help them celebrate his homecoming."

"Yas'um," Nell replied sullenly. She fell to plucking the offensive chicken with fierce speed. White feathers littered the spotless linoleum. She muttered to herself so no one could hear her.

A loud knock at the back door turned her attention away from the half-plucked chicken.

"Who's there!?" Nell demanded as I pivoted in my chair and strained to see outside.

"Woman, you can see jus' as good as me, who's here!" the gravelly voice answered with indignation. "I come faw ma chicken Miss Vivian promised me."

Nell strolled to the door and unfastened the latch. Mun slowly shuffled up the remaining steps to the open door and limped into the kitchen, her great bulk rolling like a wave.

"Mawning, Mista Packwood," Mun called as she made her way across the slippery floor to the



breakfast table. "Ya'll doing fine?" Mun reached to pat me on the head. I was her favorite because I always go fishing with her when she's at the farm.

"Mun," I smiled at her. "Looks like you're all dressed up! You sure do look nice." Soft green cotton in voluminous folds was draped over her huge body, the front hem barely touching her shoetops. Mun's grizzled hair was almost completely covered by her Sunday-go-to-meeting scarf, bright blue silk printed with yellow roses.

"Thank you kindly, Missy," the old woman proudly replied. "This here's my new dress I been saving faw something special. I ain't got no long mirror at my house so's I can't see all of me at once't. Do I look good on both sides?" She ponderously turned a circle for us. We all nodded in agreement.

"Child, you look like you got something else to say."

I looked at my half-eaten fried egg, and then gazing up at her, I blurted, "Mun, you got a new eye, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did! See, I got a new eye, Mister Packwood, with my Christmas money!" Mun held up her head and rolled her eyes. The eye seemed to quiver in its socket, the eyelids barely holding the large glassiness in place.

"Mun," I cried, "It's blue like your scarf!"

"Child, I know it." The blue eye protruded slightly as Mun's voice rose in excitement. Her "seeing" eye, as she called it, shone with pleasure.

"Well, woman," Mun demanded, turning to Nell. "Ain't you never goin' to finish my chicken!" She tapped her parasol on the linoleum impatiently. Everyone knew Nell worked at her own speed and no one of us ever told her to hurry up, except for Poppa.

"I's ready to go and see ma boy, woman," announced Mun.

"Mun Magee, I's working jest as fast as I can go! Don't you tell me what to do!" Nell slammed the chicken on the counter and stalked to the stove, turning her broad back to Mun. Mun sniffed elegantly a time of two and limped out of the kitchen door, rattling the pots on the porcelain table with each step.

"Mun," Gran called just as the screen door opened. "We'll give you a ride to the bus station when we go. That way we all can meet Deelass' bus when it arrives."

"Miss Vivian, I thank you," Mun solemnly replied. "It's hard to get around these days with ma knee so stiff. I'll go sit in the yard under the shade and cool off a bit till you folks is ready. I is hot!" Sweat dripped off her broad face, darkly staining the cotton dress.

"Mun, we'll be leaving in about an hour," Gran replied. "We have some work to do, don't we, girls?" Babs and I sighed in unison as we pushed our chairs away from the table.

"Work, work, work!" Babs complained. "I got to do my hair sometime!"

"I got to do my hair some time!" I mimicked. "Who you gonna see, Miss Priss?"

"I'm gonna kill you!" Babs screamed as she chased me out of the room. I laughed all the way upstairs because she knew she couldn't catch me.

Well, we all pitched in and helped with the house work before trooping out to the car. Poppa was impatiently pounding on the horn.

"Mun," Gran called to the old woman. "We're ready to go."

"Yas'um, Miss Vivian. I's ready and waiting." She lumbered to her feet, her body shaking slightly in the effort, and gingerly picked her way through the gravel-strewn driveway to the car.

"Move over, Babs." I said, opening the car door. "Let Mun 'n me in." We situated ourselves into the comfortable upholstery and drove the short distance into Tylertown.

"Morning, Mister Packwood," several farmers standing in front of Liggett's Drugstore called to us. Through the open car windows I could hear Jem Moore clicking his whittling knife shut. Then, he walked over to our car that was stopped at the red light on Main Street.

"Hey, what all you folks doing in town today?" he asked Poppa, leaning his dirty blond head partially through the window. Jem's gaze fell on Mun's dark figure in the backseat. "Oh, never mind, I think I know." The farmer's light blue eyes narrowed slightly. He turned and spat on the sidewalk, not real noisy, but just loud enough, and sauntered back to his drugstore cronies.

I could feel Mun's back stiffen against the soft upholstery as her large lower lip protruded menacingly. The deep wrinkles on both sides of her face appeared to harden into straight parallel

lines. I even thought I saw the blue glass eye roll. No one said a word as we continued towards the bus station.

"Well, won't it be good to see Deelass again, Mun?" Gran asked with false brightness. "Yas'um, it will. Been too long. Been too long. Most three years now," she muttered. Poppa pulled the car into a parking place as Gran turned around from the front seat to say, "Behave girls." Babs turned her nose up as if she had never misbehaved a day in her life.

"You're only five years, four months, and two weeks older 'n me, so don't think you're so neat." I called to her, clambering out of the car in a spill of legs.

"Oooo!" she simpered back, whisking her dress in the back to get rid of the wrinkles. "That's still older than you any old day!" She stalked ahead of Poppa, Gran and me to a bench in the station's waiting room and flounced down. Mun followed our group and walked over to her side of the waiting room where the colored people sat. She picked out a straight-backed chair and carefully settled down, resting her large feet on a bench seat.

"Gran, will it ever rain here?" I questioned softly. She just smiled at me. Flies made lazy circles in the thick humidity of the air, mingling into the drone of the over-head fans. I gazed out the open door into the station's side driveway.

"Mun, Mun," I called. "It's here!" At my words, her head snapped erect. Rapidly she placed her feet on the follar and hastened as fast as she could go to the station door.

I stood up, impatiently waiting on Poppa to signal us all out to the bus. Gran placed a restraining hand on my arm.

"We'll wait a moment, honey," she said quietly as the bus doors swooshed open. I could hear Mun calling Deelass' name with increasing fervor. Then, a small laugh of delight filtered through the air.

"I guess we can go say hello now," Gran said to Poppa. We all walked out the door and to the bus. I could feel Mr. Holmes' stare as we crossed in front of his ticket window to walk out the door.

Deelass was standing with his two suitcases on each side of his lanky figure. His eyes flicked over us quickly before he nodded his head in recognition. A small smile played on his lips.

"Hi, Deelass." I shyly said to the tall young man. "Did you have a good trip?"

"Yes, I did. Thank you," he replied slowly. "Good morning, Mister Packwood."

"Hello, Deelass. School going all right?"

"Yes, sir. I'm making good grades now so I can keep my scholarship."

"Good, Good. Well, bet you're tired. Mun, you ready for us to take you out to your place?"

"Yas sir, Mista Packwood. I wants go get ma chicken 'fore that woman cooks it." We all turned to walk out to the car.

"Babs, Deelass talks funny now." I said as we opened the car door. "I call the window."

"That's because people up North talk different from us down here, dummy," she jeered. "Let me sit next to the window. I might see someone I know."

The six of us crowded into the car, Deelass sitting between Poppa and Gran on the front seat, and I was squashed between Mun and Babs on the back.

"Poppa," Gran said. "Poppa," she repeated leaning over Deelass to tap Poppa on the arm to get his attention. "Don't we have to sign the Wednesday payroll at the store today? We might as well do it while we're in town."

Poppa nodded his head in agreement as he maneuvered the car into his parking place in front of the general merchandise store.

"Girls, you stay put in the car and don't go wandering off. Mun, keep an eye on them. Mr. Packwood and I will be a little while."

"Yea," I said to Babs as the car doors slammed shut. "She means you, ya know."

Babs completely ignored me. Her attention was focused on something happening outside across the street in front of Liggett's. She had turned almost completely around in her seat.

"Hey, quit squashing me!" I protested. Mun turned her head to focus her "seeing" eye on me.

"Hey, quit, or I'll hit you!" I protested again, ignoring the restraining hand Mun had clamped on my knee. Babs was really pushing me off of the seat. I wouldn't stand for that.

"Shush!" she told me in her most older-sisterish voice. "Can't you ever be quiet? Those farmers





*Mike Rosenbaum*

at Liggett's look like they're coming over here!"

From the front seat Deelass turned his neatly cropped head to look out the side window. I snapped my attention to the back of the car. The farmers were coming over with steady, purposeful strides. Jem Moore strutted out in front of the group, the other men keeping a straggling distance behind him. They looked like a bunch of gagging chickens following a rooster.

"Wonder what they want?" I asked.

There was no reply.

"Mun?" The old woman straightened in her seat, not even turning her head in my direction. She stared straight ahead, her eye fixed on the sporadic movements of a fly crawling on the back of the front seat. With each passing moment, the blue eye appeared more and more to bulge, her large lips pressing together into a fleshy button.

I felt the thump as Jem slapped the back fender of the car, the sound bouncing in the still air. Mun's hand tightened its grip on my leg, but she kept her eyes fixed ahead.

Jem passed by Babs and stopped at the front window where Deelass sat. Jem's army closed in tightly now, their workboots echoing loudly on the sidewalk. Deelass seemed to have focused his attention on his lap. I could see the muscles in the back of his neck tighten like a rubber band.

"Should I go get Gran?" I whispered cautiously.

"Child," Mun said, "you stay right where you is. Your Gran will be back directly." Mun hardly moved her mouth.

"But, Mun-." The glass eye had become as big as a marble.

Jem stuck his head into the open car window next to Deelass.

"What you-." My voice trailed off as Babs pinched me hard on the arm. I gulped. I could taste a dusty driness on my lips.

"Well, boy." Jem began, his voice dripping with sarcasm. The drugstore crew tittered delightedly. "You shore do think you're something, don't you?" Deelass looked straight ahead, a vein pounding with butterfly-wing speed at each word. I felt Mun stiffen in the seat. Her lungs expelled deep breaths. I saw the soft green dress becoming spotted again with the drops of sweat running off her broad brow.

"Boy," Jem continued. His voice cut like a sharp knife. "Boy, what's the matter, boy? Cat got your tongue?"

Deelass moved his head slowly. His eyes fastened on Jem's sallow face.

"Hey, folks! This here college-educated boy can't even speak! Whatcha know about that!" Jem turned to grin at his buddies. Stained teeth were flashed back at him. One laughed softly.

"Boy, hey, boy!" Jem thrust his head back in the car. "Don't you know to speak when I speak to you?" The stink of his unwashed body stung my nose.

"Boy, you shore ain't too smart if you can't even talk!"

I tried to slip my hand in Mun's, but the black fingers were still clamped to my knee.

"Boy, you jest asking for it. I never seed such a uppity nigger in my whole life!" Jem's followers nodded, their faces eager.

"Boy, I--"

"Go away," Deelass broke in suddenly.

Jem was as surprised as I was.

"What's that?" he finally managed.

"Leave me alone," Deelass said evenly. It sounded to me more like an order than a plea. I caught my breath.

"Leave you alone!" Jem's washed-out blue eyes glared at Deelass. He turned to the men in back of him. "Hey, this here boy says to leave him alone. Why, we ain't hurting you, boy. We're just passing the time of day."

"Tell him we'll leave him alone--for a while," a shrill voice cried out from the rear.

"Yea, a while, a while," Jem's ranks murmured, shuffling their feet nestlessly.

"Go away," said Deelass wearily. "Go away, and leave us alone."

A silence fell on the street. I had the strange urge of wanting to cry.

"Boy, who do you think you are, to talk to us?" Jem yelled. He turned, pausing to clear his throat, and spat loudly on the cement.



The screen door to the store slammed and Pappa and Gran walked out onto the sidewalk, and stopped.

Jem gawked at them stupidly, cleared his throat again, and tried to spit, but no spit came. "Come on," he demanded of his troops; and they all shuffled off down the street and back to Liggett's.

"What did Jem Moore and his crew want?" Poppa asked as he got into the car. Deelass glanced at Poppa and forced a stiff smile. "They were just passing the time of day, Mister Packwood," he said quietly.

Poppa started the car and drove down Main Street and on out of town without saying another word. We rode all the way home in total silence. Mun looked out the window studiously and Deelass seemed to only move once, to rub the tight muscles in his neck with two slender fingers.

Poppa and Gran got out of the car after we pulled up into the driveway. Babs, Mun, Deelass, and I sat there for a few moments. A heavy silence blanketed our group, broken only by Babs' sign as she opened the car door to get out. I glanced at Mun's still figure and then scratched a mosquito bite on my leg, half-hoping she would tell me to stop. But, the old woman continued staring out the window at the golden-rain trees that lined the driveway.

"Well," I breathed to myself.

Deelass remained facing the windshield. He hardly seemed to breathe. I slid across the slippery upholstery to get out, leaving Mun and Deelass sitting in the car. After closing the car door, I began to walk slowly towards the house down the leaf-strewn pathway between the raintrees. I turned to look back at Mun and Deelass. Mun had lumbered out of the car while Deelass removed his suitcases. I crouched down behind a tree so that the two would not see me. Sunlight seemed to glint off Mun's glass eye. Then, Mun turned her "seeing" eye on Deelass.

"Son," she began, her voice quavering as if she had something in her throat. "Son, I's mighty unpleased with you."

Deelass glanced at the large woman standing in front of him, his back straightening. "Why?"

"Why? You knows better than to talk to folks like that!" I could hear Mun huff a quick breath of indignation. "They's nothing but trash!" She spat out the words.

"Grandma, things aren't the same anymore." Deelass' voice was calm.

Mun shook her head as if a bug had flown in her ear. "You knows what I's meaning! Trash is trash!" Mun's voice slapped the air. "I been 'round here faw too many years and I knows!"

Deelass stirred a pebble in the driveway with his toe before he gazed steadily at Mun. "Maybe that's the problem, Grandma." he said decisively.

"Problem? I ain't got any problems and you don't have to either!" Mun's voice rose in a thundering crescendo.

"But, Grandma." Deelass began, his slender hands punctuating each word. "But Grandma, things here.—"

"Do you hear me, boy?" Mun interrupted.

Deelass looked at his shoes in silence. "Yes ma'am, I hear you." he said looking up. "I hear you Grandma." I could hear Mun breathing deeply.

"Well, son." Mun's voice gently broke the silence. "Let's us go get our chicken and go on home."

"Yes, that's a good idea. I'm hungry." I heard Mun chuckle as the two began to walk down the driveway, grating the gravel beneath their hard-soled shoes.

I stood up from my hiding place behind the trees, and suddenly I began to breathe long gulps of cool air. I waited until the screen door closed before I rose to go slip up the back steps and into the house.

THE END















PHOTO BY DAVID CROWDER





SUPER  
QUAD

# QUAD

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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## PREFACE

I would like to especially thank all the members of the English Department of Birmingham-Southern College who have helped me greatly. Also thanks to Mr. Victor Vecellio who collected all the art for this edition.

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S. K.

\* COVER ART BY RALPH CHAPPELL





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## MUSIC

Jimmy Lowe    I Am Hers And She Mine























